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Author's Game

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34 5 3

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The 3rd Annual Author's Game has begun

George R.R Martin looked around his surroundings, He seemed to be in a basement ,surrounding him were huge grey pillars.

"I must be in a castle basement "he thought "what else would need pillars of that size to support"

He wrote countless number of books in preparation for this day. The day in which the 3rd Annual Author's Games begin, A death match between chosen authors. Where the winner is granted a wish from the Spirits of Literature.

"Still no sign of my first competitor"

"CREACK" he heard the loud yet slow sound of a door opening echo through the basement. he spun around to see an opening of light within the walls obstructed by a robed figure. The sudden brightness made it hard for the writer to focus on the face.

"It doesn't matter" he thought as he unsheathed his pen.

"Your head is mine"

She was the perfect
and her prey was at the ready.

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Nothing is easy at the author's game she reminded her self as she watched her pen transform into a wand.

"CRUCIO" as red sparks flew from her wand but it didn't connect, Instead a blade reflected it. The impact illuminated the face of her opponent.

"This isn't going to be easy" she thought as she looked at bearded face of George R R Martin.

"Pretty, Isn't It" He said " Pure valyrian steel, Nothing can withstand a blow from this."

The battle began. Sparks of Red and Purple met with pure steel , Pillars were destroyed , the landscape was unrecognizable and yet no blood was shed.

Rowling Knew Martin would be double times more exhausted as her. She prepared for an all out offense knowing he wouldn't be able to survive but she was stunned when George R R Martin seemed to have had the same thought and charged.

Knowing that her spells couldn't block his blows. She stepped away from his course but his blow wasn't aimed at her instead he destroyed the final magical pillar and continued his movement until he was no longer present at the room.

Rowling knowing she couldn't escape in time.

Desperately tried to levitate the collapsing ceiling. Hoping for the best but deep down she knew her games had ended.

She was going to wake up from her trance

Chapter 3 by Hop



Danielle Steele was at her desk.

Moon light her , only source of light

Visibly distressed.

Her powers were different.

The spirits of her books could communicate with her

Dark secrets were uncovered, the true intentions of the games

She knew she had to literature spirits but she couldn't come up with a solution to her...no the world's problem

She stared at her note on the paper once more

She had to figure out a way to stop the game and win the competition.

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The competition

5 rounds

Winner gets a wish granted

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She had won her first round
She didn't like her actions
She realised , she alone couldn't come up with a solution
As the time for the final round came close
She hoped the other finalist would listen to her...

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